

THE MEN WHO MISS THE TRAIN.

BY S. W. FOST.

I loaf around the depot just to see the Pullman
 scoot.
 An' to see the people scamper when they hear
 the engine toot.
 But what makes the most impression on my
 soul is the active brain.
 Is the careless man who gets there just in time
 to miss the train.
 An' some cuss the railroad company, an' some
 loudly curse their stars.
 An' some just gallop down the track an' try
 to catch the cars.
 An' some with a loud laugh an' joke will pout
 up their pain.
 Var'us kin's er people get there just in time
 to miss the train.
 An' there is many deepes an' dag-statious
 'bout name.
 Along the Grand Trunk Railroad that leads to
 wealth an' fame.
 An' men rush to these deepes, as fast as they
 can fly.
 As the Train of Opportunity jest goes a-thun-
 derin' by.
 They rush down to the stations with their hair
 all stood on end.
 As the platform of the tail-end car goes whirlin'
 round the bend.
 An' some men groan an' cry aloud, an' some con-
 ceal their pain.
 When they find that they have got there jest in
 time to miss the train.
 But the cars puff through the valleys, an' go
 a-whirlin' by.
 An' float their banners of white smoke, like
 flags of victory.
 They leap their flowing rivers, an' through the
 tunnels grope.
 An' cross the Mountains of Despair to the Table-
 land of Hope.
 The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success, it runs
 through every clime.
 But the Cars of Opportunity they go on schedule
 time.
 An' never are their brakes reversed—they won't
 back up again.
 To take the men who get there jest in time
 to miss the train.
 —Yankee Blade.

THE NEW COOKING STOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Mrs. Job Bangs was possessed of a spirit—an evil spirit, Mr. Bangs said; but then men are so prone to indulge in extravagant expressions, that it is not well to place too much dependence in what they say.

Mrs. Bangs' greatest ambition was to possess a peculiar kind of cooking stove—the counterpart of which presided, in black and glossy self-satisfaction, over the cleanly kitchen hearth of Mrs. Judge Marlowe's grand establishment.

"Queen of the World" was the title in which the interesting stove rejoiced.

The queen herself was possessed of as many dampers, grates, heaters, flues, ovens, and nondescript poke-holes, as a twenty-horse-power engine; and scientific old Watt himself would have been puzzled in comprehending the use of her "heat refractors" and "steam generators."

But Mrs. Marlowe fancied the stove—and, surely, Mrs. Judge Marlowe ought to know about a stove—and the consequence was poor Bangs could never retire to bed without having "that stove, dear Job," dinged in his ears.

There is a period to human endurance, and the time at length came when Bangs could hold out no longer, but consented to make his wife the happiest of her sex forthwith. And three days afterward the deed was accomplished; a magnificent Queen of the World, which cost forty-five dollars, was installed on Mrs. Bangs' hearth, and the delighted lady would not have changed places with the President's wife.

The man who set up the stove asked Mrs. Bangs if she knew how to manage it. She laughed in his face. Know how to manage a stove? Of course she did! Why shouldn't she? And before her lofty mien of injured dignity, the stove man shrank away abashed.

It was in July, pleasantly hot, and dinner was to be prepared for the six hired men who made Mr. Bangs' farm blossom like the rose.

Mrs. Bangs cogitated on the subject of dinner for a few moments, and finally decided on boiled potatoes, stewed cabbage, fried pork, and hominy pudding, with hot coffee, etc.

"Come, Bangs, love," said she cheerfully, "make a fire, while I clap on the kettles and see to things, and you shall soon have a dinner worth eating."

Bangs flew to do her bidding, but after opening and shutting several doors, with the kindlings in his hands, he was still undecided, and called his wife out of the meal closet.

"See here, Sarah, can you tell me where to build the fire?"

"Why, in the place for it, to be sure," replied she.

"Yes, deary, I've no doubt of that," remarked the perplexed Bangs; "but according to my idea, it would take a college learnt man to find out which the place is!"

"Why, the one where the grate is, of course!" said Mrs. Bangs.

"Well, there are just seven holes with grates in 'em, and three things that look like strainers; according to my idea, I can't tell 'tiller from which."

"Stand round, Job; I'll soon find out. Why, Bangs, it's strange that you can't see into nothing; this is the place—rite here in front. In with the kindlings, and be sary about it; it's about 'leven o'clock now."

So Bangs put in the kindlings—a generous quantity of shavings, some pitch-wood and a hemlock knot—applied a match, and stood by to watch the result. The fire spattered and hissed; a glorious smoke arose, and poured out of every nook and cranny of the queen. Four

Bangs' eyes were rapidly changing to pools of watery tears, and his sense of vision fled completely.

"Good gracious!" screamed Mrs. Bangs—"Job, you've set the house afire!"

"No, I haint," stammered Job, wiping his eyes on his coat-sleeve. "According to my idee, it's that confounded stove!"

"Mercy on us! Where's the damper?—where's the draft?—where's the air slide? Job, Job, where are you, that you don't do something? The new whitewash will be ruined in this smoke!"

Mrs. Bangs stood with her apron over her head, and Bangs managed to get up to a window, at which he obtained some relief. In a few moments the kindlings had burned out, and the smoke subsided. There was no draft; but the fire had been made in the wrong place, and now Job set about systematically to find the right one, by trying a handful of shavings in each cavity of the complicated queen.

Fortune favored him, as she always does the brave, and finally Job could have shouted "Eureka"—if he had thought of it. The fire burned splendidly! The numerous grates glowed—the water in the kettles sizzled—Mrs. Bangs was radiant—and the "spider" of pork and lard boiled charmingly!

But suddenly, just as Mrs. Bangs was congratulating herself in being the most favored woman in the universe, the stove gave a lurch—its three long legs quivered and trembled—the forward one dropped out—the immaculate Queen of the World tottered on her throne! For a second only—then over she went, kettles and stewpans! The pot was in the fire, and the fire took royal advantage of it. The blaze steamed up the chimney, igniting the soot, and sending a column of flame ten feet out of the top of the chimney.

The observant neighbors screamed "fire" at the height of their voices—the school children across the way took up the cry—Mrs. Bangs was ankle-deep in hot water and floating potatoes—the house dog lay prostrate under the ruins, howling with fright and pain—and Mr. Bangs had fled to the elevation of the kitchen table, from whence he was comfortably surveying the scene—being seated in the broad dish of hominy pudding which his wife had prepared for baking.

The cries of fire called out the engine company—ever prompt in danger—and stripping down Mr. Bangs' fence, they hurried their machine through a fine field of corn, and up to the house. Just as they arrived, covered with perspiration and out of breath, Mrs. Bangs made her exit from the kitchen, screaming and wringing her hands in the wildest agitation.

The zealous captain of the company was a little near-sighted, and supposing the lady's clothing to be on fire, he seized the end of a hose already filled, and let fly the whole stream of water over her person! The shock knocked her over instantly, and after a few somersaults she came to a halt in the rain-water cistern, from whence she was afterward fished out half drowned and considerably indignant.

The grand uproar aroused a high-spirited bull that was confined in an adjacent yard, the red uniforms of the firemen inspired his bullship with just wrath, and after a half-dozen premonitory bellows, he gave a tremendous leap, and cleared the barring.

Captain, privates and populace, astonished and terrified, fled before that elevated head and those smoking nostrils—fled ingloriously, leaving Bangs' chimney to burn out without help—all except Judge Marlowe, who, being a dignified man, did not compromise his dignity until the last, when he went through his best paces, but in vain.

The bull singled him out from the others, caught him on his horns, and tossed him into the pig-pen, where the irate mother of ten promising porcine little ones nearly finished him. In fact, the Judge would never have come out of that bog's yard alive had not Mrs. Bangs, recovering from her temporary fright, gone to the rescue with the mop-handle.

The bull, after scattering all intruders, turned his attention to the engine which was left behind, and never were the walls of a beleaguered city battered and charged more zealously than he charged that non-resistant "masheen." Mr. Bangs came down from his perch as soon as the crowd had dispersed, and secured the quadruped, now pretty well blown, from his extraordinary exertions.

"The Queen of the World" was sold for old iron, and Mrs. Bangs cooks un-murmuringly over the little old contrivance of a stove that she has had for a dozen years.

Bangs says that, "according to his idee, these are new-fangled shoves an' the thing; they're great, cry and little wood."

WHERE FRIENDSHIP CEASES.

Enslin—Mamma will give her consent only too quick when you ask her, but I'm afraid papa will hold off.

Jack—What makes you think that? He has always been very friendly with me.

Enslin—Yes, Jack, but this is a matter of business.

A sentence is on foot to construct a railroad via the Jungles.

L. FRANKLIN,
SUBDIVIDER AND BUILDER.

NEW SUBDIVISION:

Frank N. Gage's Addition to Englewood Heights

32 Trains Daily on C., R. I. & P. and C. St. L. & P. Rys.

LOANS NEGOTIATED.

CHICAGO AND SUBURBAN ACRES.

202 & 204 LaSalle St., Chicago.

Telephone No. 2796.

Special Attention to Investment Properties.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:—Corn Exchange Bank, Chicago, Ill.; F. Rothschild & Bros., Wholesale Clothing, Chicago, Ill.; Security Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.; Union National Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.

F. H. MARSH & CO.,
—Real Estate—

165 Washington Street.

Negotiating for Corporations, Collection of Rents, and Placing of Investments for Non-Residents a Specialty.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL BUSINESS INTRUSTED TO US.

CHAS. D. WELLS & CO.,
Real Estate and Loans,

Room 16, Mercantile Building, 114 & 116 LaSalle St.

We make a specialty of properties UNDER foreclosure, THAT HAS TO BE SOLD. Those desirous of investing will consult their interests in giving us a trial.

HANKINS' HELL-HOLE.

What It Costs Its Victims in a Year.

Hankins employs eighty-two men in his gambling house, and their services cost him—or rather the players against the game—as follows:

Four door managers at \$50 per week.....	\$ 200
Eighteen dealers and lookouts at \$35 per week.....	630
Eight hundred dealers at \$20 per week.....	1,600
Twelve roulette croupiers at \$30 per week.....	360
Three door tenders at \$25 per week.....	75
Twenty "plungers" at \$20 per week.....	400
Six porters at \$15 per week.....	90
One "honored".....	10
Eight "steers" at \$20 per week.....	160
Two police court spies at \$35 per week.....	70
Incidentals, gas, etc.....	120

Total cost of running house per week, \$2,725.

Large as this sum is it is but part of the expense which Hankins willingly stands for the privilege of running. Large sums are daily given back to his distressed victims—not through sympathy, but to step proceedings in police courts. His police court spies are engaged to "fix" the wives or relatives of some victimized players who seek the aid of the law to have their money returned. A man who, under Harrison's administration, was close to Hankins, estimates that the expenses of the establishment are not less than \$5,000 per week, or \$260,000 per year. The gross earnings of the house are estimated at \$500,000 per year, leaving a net profit of \$390,000 per year. This enormous sum comes from the pockets of the poor clerks and poorer laborers. Boys are admitted to the house without question, and their meager salaries (and doubtless some of their employers' money) fall into the already well-filled coffers of Hankins and his partners. The "suckers" are betting against a game that enriches the proprietors at the rate of over \$1,000 per day.

The EAGLE has published the figures relating to Hankins' earnings before. It cannot publish them too often. They are full of awful facts.

There are 1,250,000 people in Chicago who are taxed to support an expensive city government and a costly police force.

Are they taxed that the laws shall be not enforced and that gamblers shall rule?

Are they taxed in order that their taxmasters shall sit idly by while a train of blacklegs robs their small businesses of \$500,000 a month, or \$6,000,000 a year?

Can the community stand such a strain on its resources? It cannot.

In answer to the question, "Is the life of the black snake poisonous?" *Scientific American* says: The common black snake of the United States is not armed with poison fangs and glands, and consequently is not poisonous.

Recent officials have decided that the telephone is "dangerous to the state." In Warsaw orders have been given that telephones be removed from all restaurants, coffee-houses, and liquor saloons. Similar orders have been issued in all other large Polish towns.

WM. PEACOCK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
40 Dearborn Street,
Room 14, Chicago.

THE JEWS in New York have parochial schools which give religious and industrial teaching to nearly 3,000 children; but no child is admitted that does not also attend a public school.

A RAILROAD into Central Africa is the latest project. The ride on the Congo "Flying Dude" through a forest as large as France, together with the general make-up and appointments of an African palace train, offer not a few novel and pleasing prospects for the coming traveler.

MARY TWAIN has spent about \$100,000 in perfecting the Page type-setting machine, and he is the principal owner of the company that will manufacture them. The machine is sixteen feet long, nine feet high in the middle, and it is claimed, will set, justify, and distribute 45,000 ems of type daily.

PRINCE MURAT, who refused to marry Miss Caldwell because she would allow him no more than \$10,000 a year for pocket money, should start a lottery, with himself as the capital prize. If he does that, we pledge our heartiest congratulations to every American girl who buys a ticket and draws a blank.

JOHN McCLOSKEY, of San Antonio, Texas, has been mourned as dead for nine years. The other night a bearded stranger appeared at the home of Mrs. McCloskey. She became very indignant when he took her in his arms. It was her husband. He had been in the West, and made a great deal of money.

It is believed that the largest farm under cultivation in this country belongs to Col. John W. Bookwalter, of Ohio, at one time the Democratic candidate for Governor of his State. The farm is on the Nebraska line south of Peatrice, and the Kansas City, Wyandotte and Northwestern Road runs through it. It contains nearly thirteen thousand acres, covering twenty square miles, all under an excellent state of cultivation.

There were altogether about three hundred distinct epidemics of influenza in Europe between 1510, when the disease was first noted at Malta, and 1850. In 1520 the whole of Europe suffered severely. According to statistics published by the *Nation* from the disease caused 908 deaths in London in one week, and in Vienna 60,000 persons were affected. In 1747 and 1748 there were further outbreaks, and the deaths in one week in London amounted to 1,000. In 1775 domestic animals were first attacked by it. In 1792 40,000 persons fell ill of it in St. Petersburg in twenty-four hours. In 84, Petersburg influenza is now spread out daily to the troops, mixed with colds.

House of David!

FAGAN & BARBER, Proprietors,

162 & 164 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO.

Merchants' Lunch.

CRAB ORCHARD WHISKY A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 4211.

Telephone No. 4211.

CHICAGO
BREWING COMPANY

64-80 North Avenue,

Cor. McHenry St., CHICAGO.

K. G. SCHMIDT, Pres.

GEO. W. KELLNER, Treas. and Sec.

The K. G. Schmidt Brewing Co.

First Premium Lager Beer.

9 to 35 Grant Place, CHICAGO, ILL.

BOTTLING TRADE A SPECIALTY.

Telephone No. 3409.

HOTEL BRISTOL!

Corner Adams and Canal Sts., Chicago.

European and
American Plan.House First-Class in
all its Appoint-
ments.Street Cars to All Parts
of the City Pass
the Door.The Most
Conveniently Located
Hotel
in the City.

RATES:

\$1.50 to \$2
PER DAY.

A. F. LINKS, - - Proprietor.

SHERIDAN & MORAND,

BOTTLED BY

J. Oberman Brewing Co.'s Milwaukee

Export and Select Table Beer,

1081 West Harrison Street.

Special Attention Paid to the Supplying of Private Families.

Telephone 4163.

Telephone 9635.

GAHAN & BYRNE,

GENERAL CONTRACTORS.

PAVING, GRADING, SEWERAGE, WATER-PIPE, ETC.

Rooms 6 and 7 Postoffice Building,

Forty-second and Halsted Streets.